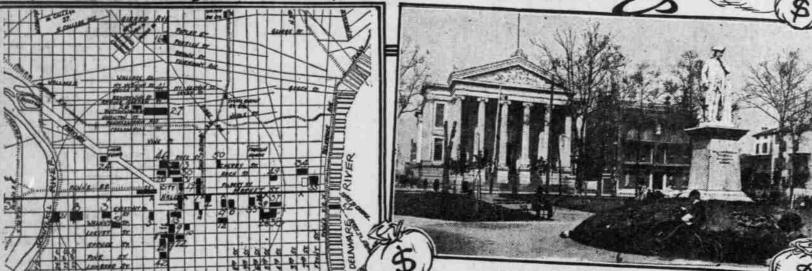
## Baker Estate Noax: \$800,000,000 Mirage



FTRANKILIN SQUARE

INDEPENDENCE HALL

3. Aldine.

6. Green's.

. Walton.

10. St. James.

4. New Bingham.

. Colonnade

8. Rittenhouse.

11. Academy of Music.

13. Adelphia and Lyric theaters.

Brond Street station (Penna.)

24. Academy of Natural Sciences.

25. University of Penna. museum.

27. Baldwin Locomotive works.

28. Academy of Fine Arts.

23. John Harrison Laboratory of Chemistry.

12. Walnut theater,

14. Keith's theater.

15. Garrick theater.

19. Reading terminal.

22. Historical society.

26. United States mint.

29. Central post office.

30. Odd Fellows hall.

31. Masonic temple.

33. Franklin institute.

34. Betsy Ross house.

39. Carpenter's hall.

43. Drexel institute.

41. Central high school.

46. Scottish Rites hall.

48. Shubert's theater.

47. Wanamaker's theater.

42. Philadelphia Textile school.

51. Philadelphia Art Alliance.

52. Chestnut street wharf.

X Subway-Elevated stations.

report. Here is his report:

50. Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

So you see, the Baker heirs will draw down

But the Philadelphia officials say of the Baker

estate that "there ain't no sich animile." The

mayor of Philadelphia asked John S. Broadway,

chief counsel of the bureau of legal aid, for a

Baker, a Revolutionary veteran, handled in the

Orphans' Court of Philadelphia county. The rec-

which the city of Chillicothe is situated.

"It appears that there was an estate of Jacob

35. Christ church.

38. Custom house,

37. The Bourse.

HEART OF PHILADELPHIA



THOUGH some may scoff at the authenticity of the rapidy-growing claims of the Baker amily upon the \$800,000,000 of Philadelphia, there is no doubt in the mind of Myron C. Baker, 900 Belmont avenue, Chicago, as to his right to benefit should the claims prove valid. He contends he is the true

and legal great-grandson of the man who, it is alleged, owned the \$800,000,000 tract of real estate in the Quaker city. However, Mr. Baker is in no harry.

"Now, if you will look on page 516 of this book," he said, taking down a copy of the "Biographical and Genealogical History of Indiana," 'you will discover my father's name. It shows that my father's grandfather was Jacob Baker and that he was born in Ludwigsburg, Baden, Germany. He came to America and settled in

"It was this Jacob Baker who acquired all that property in Philadelphia. I have many papers and records and documents to prove it. There will be no trouble about connecting up my relationship. There are 17 true great-grandchildren. We will prove our heirship."

Mr. Baker said that his family several years ago collected a fund and had the entire history of Jacob Baker traced, even to his parents' es-

"A cousin of mine has all of those records," said Mr. Beker, "They will be produced." "If you get the money, what then?"

Well, I have a long time to live, you know," he said. "I'll take my daughter, Emma, and her husband, and we'll have a little trip. But there's no use worrying about that now. There is no

Some of the Baker heirs are more impatient about it than Chicago's Mr. Baker. This is but natural, inasmuch as Colonel Baker appears to have been the family head from whom sprang a multitudinous progeny. His heirs seem to be scattered through every state in the Union and every

One day recently the bureau of legal aid, de-partment of public welfare of Philadelphia, according to the chief of that bureau, Romain Hassrick, received eight inquiries relative to the Baker estate. In all correspondence it is represented as an estate worth more than \$800,000,000, consisting of 650 acres in the business center of Philadelphia. Some add all the land occupied by the

city of Chillicothe, Q. The eight inquiries cited as having been recrived on a single recent day came, respectively, from Kansas City, Mo.; Afton, Ia.; Dubuque, Ia.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Okamogan, Wash.; Los Angeles; Cal.; Lebanon, Pa., and Tacoma, Wash. The inquiries were penned, some of them on embossed paper, others on mere scraps of paper.

"The great majority of persons who write to the mayor of Philadelphia or to the director of the department of public welfare relative to Colonel Baker's holdings," said Mr. Hassrick, "have visions of easy wealth,

"Some are more credulous than others. Recently there came to me from Portland, Ore., an inquiry accompanied by a newspaper clipping which told of the marvelous good luck of a citizen of that town. The article spoke of his having founded an automobile school on a capital of \$7.50 five years ago and added, Today he is heir to millions.' This alleged fortunate descendant of the now famous Colonel Baker did not seem to know exactly how large a slice he was to get out of this estate. But, with hope burning in his breast, he settled up his affairs in Portland and started for Philadelphia to claim the gold that he thought there awaited him.

"From Afton, Ia., came an inquiry from a person who wants to get in touch with the attorney, or attorneys, handling the 'billion-dollar Baker estate.' This is one of the highest appraisements of the value of this estate that has reached the office of the bureau.'

"A western newspaper printed a general statement about this 'Baker estate' which was transmitted from the East and immediately there sprang up a retinue of claimants, with names ranging from Shroades to Anderson, and all apparently evincing an earnest interest in the estate of Colonel Baker.

"Only the other day there came to the city a lawyer from Kansas City bent on getting the true facts relative to Colonel Baker and his vast wealth. This attorney insisted upon digging through the court records and ascertaining what are the real facts." If the Baker estate idea is sound, Philadelphia's

famed city hall, with its massive stone tower, town clock and bronze statue of ye esteemed William Penn, belongs to a thousand or more farmers of the Northwest and Canada. Such a trifle as Scottish Rite Cathedral, one

of the most famous homes of Free Masonry in the United States, is to provide spending money for folks out along the Pacific coast.

Broad Street Station, home terminal of the Pennsylvania railroad, is to be split up among the agriculturists of the middle West. The Quaker city's skyscraper belt, the modern steel and concrete canyons that mark the boun-

daries of Broad and Chestnut streets, are in re-

of the World, According to

Veteran Traveler.

MONTEVIDEO CITY OF ROSES

Display Unrivaled in Any Other Part even those of Rio de Janeiro, and that

The only stipulation is that your name is Baker or that you can prove your connection with the family tree of a supposed "Colonel Jacob Baker," who roamed these parts in Revolutionary war Just imagine this! Some morning soon commuters stepping off trains at Broad street station or swarming up out of the Market street subways in ye citye of Brotherly Love may find lock and chain on the whole of Philadelphia's busy center.

ality the property not of the few, but of the many.

belongs to the "hoi polloi." There is no Boishe-

vism about it-no fifty-fifty division of property.

The very heart of the third city of the U. S. A.

There will be "Hands Off" and "No Trespass" signs everywhere. Pretty soon the sheriff will, appear. Upon a stated day he will auction off all this property at a sheriff's sale. The proceeds are to pay off the claims of the heirs of "Colonel Jacob Baker's" estate. A fortune valued at something like an even billion of dollars, long withheld from its rightful owners,

is at last to come into legitimate ownership. Ever hear of the "Baker estate" before? A quarter of a century ago someone started the ball rolling, 'According to the story, Colonel Baker, an officer in the army of George Washington, leased a tract of land in the heart of Philadelphia upon which now stand city hall, the big department stores, the skyscrapers and what-not of the central city. The lease was to run for a period of 99 years. It appears that the lease was either lost sight of or willfully destroyed and the property passed on to others.

At first the claims took in nearly all the territory between the Delaware and the Schuylkill rivers and from Poplar to South street-the very heart of the city. As the years rolled on, the claims were considerably modified. Lawyers pointed out how, for a "slight consideration," they could restore the ground to its "rightful owners" and bring half the banks and trust companies of Philadelphia to their knees.

As the story developed, it seemed that the famfly of "Colonel Baker" removed to somewhere up in Canada, after his death in Philadelphia intestate. Then the squatters lived on the land in accordance with the famous 99-year lease made during the Revolution. Forty years ago the first talk of a "claim" was aired. There was a lapse of some 15 years and then the bubble was brought forth again to glisten in all its rainbow colors.

Now there is an old-fashloned renaissance of the Baker bubble on a scale not heretofore attained. All over the country there are expectant people just aching for the money with which to doll themselves out with limousines, trick clothes and flashing diamonds.

And there's plenty of wherewithal, so far as the value of the district in question is concerned. The map given herewith gives a hint of the

The city hall cost \$26,000,000; the Adelphia hotel (1) is valued at \$2,300,000; the Ritz Carlton (9) at \$2,200,000, and the Bellevue-Stratford close by, at \$5,000,000. There are scores of buildings with more than a million each, such as the Real Estate Trust, \$3,750,000; Widener, \$6,300,000; Lincoln, \$2,350,000; Liberty, \$2,850,000; Union League, \$3,100,000; Land Title, \$7,300,000; Morris, \$2,700,000, and Finance, \$2,300,000.

Independence hall (\*) is in the district; so is so far as the law in Philadelphia is concerned. Franklin square and Franklin's grave (49). Oth-The Orphans' court reports to me that they coner noteworthy structures in the district are: sider the whole matter a fraud and the Register 2. Vendig. of Wills' office says the same."

## The Clan Call

By Hapsburg Liebe

I wouldn't give him up.

ders and told him this:

I was going, at the time.

"Now you've heard it. Every word

was truth. If you'll trust me with the

much.'

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"I'LL STICK." Synopsis .- Young Carlyle Wilbur-

on Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, It sastern Tennessee, abandoning oride, Patricia Clavering, at the al-tar-determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Bake" Lit-tleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John More-land's home. Moreland is chief o his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Cariyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father. Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he en-tertains a deep respect. Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Date replies spir-itedly, and they fight. Date whips the bully, though badly used up.

CHAPTER III-Continued.

onsciousness, he was lying under saw the same shadow in the eyes of passed, there came to Dale's ears the pared. Granny Heck, her son By, and and that had held them apart. Mrs. Moreland stood not far away.

"This here'll be good fo' ye, I think," said Moreland, nodding 'sward the for me. There was friendship for you! with anxiety: bowt in his hand. He went over and I couldn't take from them their one put an arm around Dale's shoulders chance of happiness. . . . and helped him to sit up.

Dale drank the stuff with difficulty. "Much obliged." he muttered thickly. "I-let's see, did I whip-how did It end? He didn't lick me, did he-that

"He shore didn't." smiled Moreland. "Not by a big sight. He fell out fust, His own pap won't hardly know him,

News travels rapidly in the big hills. home of their chief to see the man wanted to go unhindered to some here happened, Addie: who had whipped Black Adam Ball; country where I wouldn't be consid- "I was a-watchin to see ef Adam every Moreland able to walk came to see Bill Dale. For three hours he was were shattered in them.

Came a thundershower that afternoon, and the mountain evening fell stay here after doing what you did. with a chill. A fire was made in the and I wanted to say good-by, Bill.' He wide stone fireplace in the guest's always called me that, and it made foom, and when supper was over the me feel like a man. Then I put my family gathered there with Dale, who bag down and took him by both shoulrefused to be kept in bed.

the log walls, Daie said to John More-

"If your brother David could know, don't you think he'd want you to get the value out of the conl?"

John Moreland bent forward to rest his chin in his hands. His sober grey eyes stared thoughtfully toward the

"I ain't never looked at it thataway," he said, "That's the right way to look at it," declared Dale. "But you shouldn't

sell the property as it is."

The mountaineer turned an inquiring face toward his guest. "How in thunder could I handle it

ef I didn't?" "Why not let me develop it for you?" Dale said earnestly, eagerly. "I won't charge you anything above expenses, and I won't be extravagant." "It'd take consid'able money to start

things a-movin'. Have you got it?" asked Moreland. "No, but I can get it. Almost anybody would be willing to lend money on so good a thing as this, y'know," For a little while Moreland sat there and looked squarely at Dale, who returned his gaze without a sign of flinching. The hillman was trying to

ords there show that it was disposed of about find a motive. "How comes it 'at you, who ain't 1847. The estate consisted of about \$6,000 or \$7,000, as shown by the account which is among knowed us but two days," he dethe papers. Through some means extensive in. manded, "can be so much intrested formation has been spread around to the effect in us?"

The question demanded a straightthat a portion of this estate consists of a 99-year lease of certain real estate in the city of Phil- forward answer. Dale realized that adelphia, a part of which is occupied by the pres- there was but one way in which he ent city hall, and some additional real estate on could give a satisfactory explanation. and that that was by telling the truth-"The information further is given that the real but not the whole truth, as he estate in Philadelphia was held under a 99-year surmised it, for then his efforts would lease, which has just expired, and that, therefore, go for naught. the real estate is available for distribution among | Moreland was speaking again, and

the various heirs of Jacob Baker. In consequence his eyes were brighter now,

of this, the newspapers in various parts of the "I agree 'at David would want us country have printed articles on the subject, stat- to develop the coal, ef he could know. ing that the estate is valued at some \$800,000,000 It's like a light a-breakin' to me. But and that there are about 300 heirs. Consequently that coal is sacred to us, Bill Dale, many people with the name of Baker are inter- and afore ye go any fu'ther I'll haf ested in obtaining a share of this estate, and we to ax ye to tell me all about yeself. are receiving a great many letters and inquiries A city man up here in the wildernessit don't look s'picious, Bill, mebbe, such lease, or any such property right, at least fo' axin' it. I shore got to be keerful about Brother David's coal. Addie and the boys'll go out and leave jest alternating with the native paraiso | and hedges, trained to trellises and col-

arms folded, brows drawn. Finally he "I believe in ye, Bill," said John pockets of his cordurey trousers. Then he wouldn't believe that, neither. Pap's

simply because I don't like to tell it. door and called, "Oh, Addie; you and my gun's plumb gone!" the boys can come back now."

rocker, lay back and closed his eyes one of the small windows. It was a "Whilst I slept," cut in the hillman.

"Maybe it's not very much in my hands gripped the window-ledge nerv- we hain't got nothin' at all to fight you think whoever done it done a kind favor, John Moreland," he began, "I ously. The face pressed closer to the them d-d Littlefords with!" never could get along with my parents, glass, then disappeared. Soon after "Gone!" Dale exclaimed wonderingor with the set I was born into. Some- ward the outer door of the guest's ly and-it seemed to him-asininely. how, I was different. Father and room opened, and Ben Littleford's "It must ha' been the Littlefords I help it!" the boy defended himself. mother wanted me to be a dandy; they daughter entered. Her skirts were guess," frowned Moreland, "Fo' beeven wanted me to let a servant dress dripping wet. me. The climax came when they tried Mrs. Moreland arose and went to- to save the life o' me I cain't see how to marry me to a young woman who ward the young woman. She knew they got in and took my rifle without

> He opened his eyes, looked straight home in this fashion. at Moreland, and went on:

ras an only child. It had been all cut | "Black Adam is a-goin' to kill you hour after Dale left John Moreland and dried for us, for years. They put it tonight, Bill Dule." up to me like this: they said I owed it to "That so?" Dale's smile was rather them, that it was my duty; that I had grim, "How did you find that out, lapidated place, and it stood not fav always been a severe trial to them; Miss Littleford?" that my savagery had put gray into "I found it out, all right. As he doorway; he was inzily cutting a new my mother's halr, and a lot of things went off from the river this mornin', midday sun mark in the place of the

was sort of a matter of self-defense. stock of his rifle and said he'd git you mother, who was busily knitting a With Patricia, it was a case of-well, through a window! He was at our gray yarn stocking. a case of simple obedience. Pat is a house this evenin' to help fix pap's gun, and when he left he started this ed quickly to his feet. way, a-goin' by the blowed-down syca-A minute of silence: then: "I'll hurry along with it, John More- more. I waded the river at Blue Cat cordially. "My gosh, but ye've come

parents didn't take to him because he ble o' makin' a funeral fo' ye." was a worker, and not a fop. Mother She backed toward the door, her o' hen aigs. Live whilst ye do live, wanted Pat's cousin, 'poor dear Har- eyes never leaving Dale's face. Another says I. Come right in, Bill, old boy," ry' Clavering, for my best man. 'Poor second, and she was gone,

upon a time, and I-I had whipped John Moreland gripped Dale's arm. him; and I didn't like him. I chose "Over thar aside o' the chimbley, Mr. Bill! Come right in and tell us Bobby McLaurin for my best man, and Bill!" he ordered, his native drawl for the news." the moment absent, "Out, Addle, "It was only when we met before honey? Luke, bring my rifle and hat- nccepted a creaking chair. His eyes the chancel in a big crowded church jump keen! Cale, bring water and took in at a sweeping glance the homethat I fully realized the tragedy of it drownd this here fire!"

for Pat. I saw that her face was a It was done. Moreland took his hat clean white, and that her eyes held and the repeater and went alone into the shadow of something that was the night. When Dale came back to a state of very terrible. I turned my head and When some fifteen minutes had

covers in the carved black walnut bed. my greatest friend, Bobby McLaurin, sound of shooting. There were ten Beside nim stood John Moreland, who I knew then. Bobby and Patricia loved shots in such rapid succession that they held in one hand a bowl containing a each other, John Moreland! Bobby made almost a continuous roar. Then hot herb brew that his wife had pre- didn't have any money to speak of, came echoes and reverberations, and then silence. Soon John Moreland let "It had been the finest thing in the himself into the dark room, world, McLaurin's acting as best man His wife's voice was low and filled

> "What happened, John?" A dull thud came through the dark-"I couldn't see anything else to do, ness as her husband's rifle-butt struck

so I ran. I went home, pulled off my the floor. wedding rig and put on the clothes "This is what happened, Addie: As I'm wearing now, threw some things I passed the cawner o' the house, I got into a bag and hurried down to the down that thar old oxwhip to take union station. I found that I could along, I went acrost the road and into have my choice between a flier for the meadow, and thar I seen Adam Atlanta and the - the train that Ball a-comin'. I hid, and when Adam brought me here. I bought passage to was about to pass me, I jumped up Atlanta, but I never meant to use it; and jerked his rifle from him and I meant to take the other train and busted it ag'in a rock. Then 4 lights pay a cash fare. In doing that, I in and thrashes him with the oxwhip The Morelands began to gather at the hoped to lose myself from them. I ontel he broke and run. And 'en this

had reely went off, when I seed a man "I went out to the train-shed, and a-comin' toward me fast. I thought the didn't enjoy it; the water had left many pains in his Poly Molarin came. I asked him tells him to show me how fast he can chest, and his head ached dully, and his hands still felt as though the bones were about the bones were a character a minute when the was bulk, o course. So I up and tells him to show me how fast he can be were a character a minute when the was bulk, o course. So I up and tells him to show me how fast he can be were a character a minute when the was bulk, o course. So I up and tells him to show me how fast he can be were to find me. He happen to be Adam Ball-it was Ben "'I thought you wouldn't care to Littleford! He was a-follerin' Baba to see what she was up to, o' course, "How do ye know it was Ben, pap?"

Caleb asked. shootin', he hollers at me and says: lying in the corner. "'Look here, Bobby, I'm going to After a few minutes of silently watching grotesque shadows filt across give you some advice, and you take we'll have a little Gettysburg o' our declared war." own!" And I might mind ye, Cale, 'at "Sakes!" laughed the old woman. Pat and marry her if you have to live in a hole in a hillside. You're as good "And I might mind ye, Care, at "Sakes!" laughed the old woman he keeps his word the same as I do." "We knowed that last night when we "And I littleford means a." heren hearest them ten shots." "And Littleford meant a-" began heered them ten shots." as any of them, and lots better than Dale.

most of them. You can work your way "That the'll be a big fight tomorto a better salary. You see, I told him, 'we get about what we deserve in this world. Most of us don't deserve people, I'm a-feard ye're people yore people, I'm a-feard ye're voice. a-goin' to git more'n ye expected, meb- Their surprise seemed genuine. "I asked him if mother was badly be more'n ye can handle. Do ye want cut up. He said she was; that she had to back out of it and let the coal go, learned only that if they knew any fainted. Dad swore aloud, he said, or are ye one o' these fellers who thing concerning the disappearance there in church. I told Bobby good-by chaws what they bltes off ef it's a of the rifles they were not going to and got aboard the train without say- hoss's head?"

ing-but I didn't know myself where ly in the darkness, "I'll stick."

The Mystery of the Rifles. An hour after John Moreland had sent his ten rifle bullets whining over the head of Ben Littleford, every the prostrate tree. Babe was there; Moreland and every Littleford in the she sat on the stone on which she had valley knew of the declaration of war, been sitting the morning before; her And each man of them olied his weap. back was to him, and her bare feet ons and put them in better working were in the water to her ankles. Dale

When Dale went to bed, there was too much on his mind to render sleep- over her shoulder and into her lap. ing easy for him. Tomorrow he would have to help in the fight against the Littlefords, kinsmen of the young woman who had saved him, without doubt, from death by the murderous rifle of spirit of sadness in her musical voice. the mountaineer Goliath-or break his word flatly. It was a poor return for such a favor! The longer he thought noise 'at pap and the rest of 'em is over the dilemma, the more perplexed a-makin!" he became,

He thought, too, of the everlasting wonder, the tall of John Moreland's he meant to fight the next day was lifted the small end of her rod to its a thing that Bill Dale could not under- proper place, and went on, "I never

did see pap half as mad as he was It was after midnight before he when he got home last night from slept. He woke at the break of day, a-follerin' me." arose and dressed himself, and went out. Going toward the flower-filled front yard, he found himself facing a hadn't ha' had all his madness turned very angry John Moreland.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Matter enough," clipped the moun- river last night?" taineer. "Bill Dale, I'm a-goin' to ax in Order to Unite Old Clavering's you a question, and I want the truth, swered slowly. "But John Moreland Will I git it?"

"You'll get the truth if you get any-

"About as much as you know of the left bind wheel of Ben Hur's chariot, pap he wouldn't believe it, and he

cold. He thrust his bands into the Moreland wasn't a-shootin' to hit, and Moreland, "Fo' another thing, I've his face softened a trifle.

"You had it only last night," Dale

as though to visualize the story, to feminine face and handsome rather "Both o' my guns is gone. And Luke's almost saucily. "I knowed about it than pretty. Two slender, sunburned repeater is gone, and so is Cale's, and afore you did, Mr. Bill Dale. Don't

cause who else would ha' done it? But didn't want me any more than I want- that only something of great impor- wakin' me up, Bill Dale, a slept twicet

tance could bring a Littleford into her as light as a sick mouse." of the Morelands was gathered there land, England, and in Roxburghshire, Babe Littleford gave no attention at the house of their chief-and every Scotland. The range is 35 miles long.

John Moreland called Dale aside nd said to him:

"You're high on the good side o' them thar triffin' Hecks, and, so fer as they know, you ain't int'rested in the feud. I wisht you'd go down thar and see By and his mother, and see

ef ye can find out whar our rifles When Dale had gone off down the dusty oxwagon road, Caleb Moreland climbed a tall ash that grew behing his father's cabin and kept a watch toward the Littleford side of the river. He saw a group of men standing in Ben Littleford's cubin yard, and noth

A tittle more than a quarter of an he entered by the gateless gateway at the cabin of the Hecks,' It was a difrom the river. By sat in the from: of that kind. I fell for it at last; it I made fun of him; and he patted the worn old one. Behind him sat his

The moonshiner looked up and start

"HI, thar, Bill, old boy !" he greeted land, I had one fine friend back there, shouls to beat him here, I thought you at the right time, shore. We're a-goin' It was Robert McLaurin, a reporter might want to know about it, so's ye to have young squirrels fo' dinner, and on the city's leading newspaper. My could mebbe save other folks the trough a billed hamshank with string beans. and cawnbread made with the yeller

"La, la, la!" cried Granny Heck. dear Harry' and I had a fight, once They were all on their feet now, looking over the brass rims of her spectacles, "How glad I am to see ye,

Bill Dale crossed the threshold and



Moreland's Eyes Were Steady and

made dining table with its cover of red oilcloth, the broken cast-iron stove, the "How do I know?" growled John strings of dried peppers hanging on

"The Littlefords," said Dale, "have

"And all the Moreland rifles are missing." - Dale watched the effect of

"What!" the Hecks cried in on

tell. Then he started homeward by way ing anything about where I was go- "I'll stick." Dale's voice came firm- of the pool above the blown-down sycamore.

There was a chance that Ben Littleford's daughter would be there fishing. Dale told himself, and it was barely possible that she could throw some light on the mystery of the rifles.

He crossed the river by means of went up close, stopped and gathered a handful of violets and dropped them

Babe looked around and smiled. "What luck, Miss Littleford?" "Nothin'. I don't much want to ketch anything," she said slowly, 3 "I-I jest come off down here to be

whar it's quiet. You ought to hear the Dale narrowed his eyes. "Are theyer, making a noise? And what about?" "My goodness gracious alive! You'd bedtime prayer. How a man could go think so ef ye could hear 'em! Yought down on his knees and ask the bless- to hear pap cuss John Moreland!" ings of the Almighty upon men whom She shrugged her pretty shoulders,

> "Mad at you?" asked Dale. "No; but he would ha' been ef he ag'in them Morelands. You knowed about pap's trouble on yan side o' the

> "Yes, I knew about that." Dale anthought your father was my antagonist of yesteray."

> "An-antagonist?" Babe muttered

"I mean Adam Ball, y'know." "Oh. That's what I told pap. But won't never believe it-'cause he don't

as hard-headed as a brindle cow, when "There's nothing I'm ashamed of, I seed ye fight. You can work the coal." "I reckon I ought to ax yore par- he gits a fool notion on him. Whatguess," he said, "I don't like to tell it He looked toward the closed inner don," he said in a low voice, "Ye see, what did them Morelands say about their guns a-bein' gone?" Dale straightened.

"How did you find that out?" "Don't matter how!" She smiled thing?"

"I-I might' nigh wisht I was

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cheviot hills, celebrated in his-Within ten more minutes, every man tory and romance, are in Northumber-

## Dirt Damaga

pleaded guilty and made an impassigned speech in the man's defense. He believed he had made an impression and the man would be acquitted. Only, remember this-the prisoner healthy boys can. was there when the horse was stolen and the learned counsel was not." erby asked the lad who was sitting "They found out sumpthin bout hard, "I'm twins with a girl!"

Forceful Evidence.

called upon to defend a horse thief.

A lawyer was once, at short notice,

## surpass in profusion and exuberance myrtle, magnolia, bamboo, mimosa, gardens and in public parks, in clumps land," by Dr. J. A. Zahm. WAS HANDICAPPED FOR LIFE

He did not know that the thief had Circumstances Over Which He Had No all alone. "Why don't you play with Control Certainly Had Made Life Hard for Boy.

The youngster was sitting on a pile But the judge's summing up disti- of bricks at the edge of a vacant lot. lusioned him. "Gentlemen," said the At the other end of the lot was a judge, "you have heard his counsel. group of boys playing as only a lot of boys den't want to play with you?" the

"What's the matter, sonny?" a pass- stranger persisted.

and umbu trees and the Australian umns, or falling in showers over walls world such marvelous exhibitions of gions of Flora such gorgeous displays creepers of every form and hue.

"They don't want me to play with

"Are you sure of that?" he was asked.

He nodded his head despairingly.

the rest of the boys?"

'em," he replied bitterly.

eucalyptus, one finds beds of pansies, and rallings. But nowhere are they carnations, marguerites and illies, to-seen to such advantage as in the gether with hedges of lilac and guef- Parque Urbano and in Paseo del Prado is saying very much indeed. California derroe and cineraria, while walls and —those exquisite pleasure grounds of is justly famed as a flowerland. So is houses are covered with multi-colored the national capital. Here there are But the gardens! And the flowers! the French Riviera. But I have never draperies of wistaria, honey-suckle, no less than 800 varieties of roses col-Never have I seen in any part of the seen in either of these favored re- Bougainvillea and numerous other lected from every clime. The rose bushes themselves number many thouflowering plants and shrubs, native and of bloom as I have witnessed in and It is, however, in their roses that the sands. The casual observer would exotic, as are found about the homes around Uruguay's magnificent capital. Montevideans take their greatest pride, say there are myriads of them .-- From and quintas of the Montevideans. They With backgrounds of paim, orange, They are found everywhere, in private "Through South America's South

with reference to it.

me," the lad answered, trying hard to

"They think so, But-but I can't "Naw, you can't help me none." "Well, tell me about it, anyway."

"Well, mister, these fellows say I'm a sissy 'cause I'm," and he gulped

keep back the tears. "Was it something bad?"

"Come on, tell me all about it," he was urged. "Maybe I can help you." The boy hesitated for a moment, but "What's the trouble that the other decided to confide.

"A search of the records falls to disclose any but-well, I hopes ye can pardon me "You See, They Wanted to Marry Us Fortune and My Dad's." us two in here; and when ye're a-talk- coal, I'll make this land my land, your thing. Shoot the question," in' to me it's the same as talkin' to a people my people. I'll suffer with you "All right. What do you know about inquiringly. "What's that?" ombstone so fer as tellin' is con- when you suffer, and be happy with my gun?" sarned. Addie, honey; Luke, you and you when you're happy; and when you fight, I'll fight with you." Mrs. Moreland and her sons arose The Moreland chief arose, and Bill What's wrong with it?" and left the room, closing the door be- Dale arose. The hillman put out his Moreland's eyes were steady and want to believe it. I told him 'at John hind them. Bill Dale paced the floor, hand, and Dale gripped it.

talted before the Moreland chief,

He sat down in his sheepskin-lined. Out of the night a face appeared at said, "Did it disappear-"

ed her."

"You see, they wanted to marry us

"What's the matter, Babe?"

in order to unite old Clavering's for- to Mrs. Moreland. She went on to man of them had lost their weapons The highest peak is Chevlot hill, 2,676 tuze and my dad's; Patricia, like me, Bill Dale, walking softly on bare feet, during the night!